

Norwegian Heart

by misscam

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Summary: An unexpected turn of events strands Janeway and Chakotay in Norway in the 1990s, and they have much to learn about this curious country with a warm heart...

Norwegian Heart

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by Camilla Sandman

This story was written to some JetC groups as a way of telling them a bit about my country. Norway is different from the U.S in the strangest ways.. this is a way of trying to tell you about those differences.

Disclaimer: Voyager belongs to Paramount. Norway... belongs to the people of Norway. This story is for you, Norway, and may your sprit live forever.

II

"Where are we?"

Kathryn Janeway turned to her XO, confusion all over her face.

They were standing on a tall rock, in front of them the mighty sea, the sun sinking into it, coloring the sea golden, making sun and water one. The sea was throwing its waves upon the land, leaving a cloud of waterdrops, washing the rocks, washing them. They were dripping wet.

"Wherever we are, we need to get up on land before we get too cold."

But easier said than done. The rocks were slippery, wet, the wind

like a hard whip, the way up were steepy, but finally they crawled up, and stood facing the land before them. The sight froze them.

Tall mountains with white tops, rocky, impressiv, seemingly to shadow the land there they were, almost going all the way down to the sea. Small trees, almost being horizontal in the wind, and grass covering the hilly terrain up to the mountains.

And scattered around were houses. A dozen houses, but strangely enough, no fences.

"Where.. is this?"

She turned to him, as if he had the answer, but he only got to open his mouth before they got startled by a voice.

"Kan Ā† hjĀ|lp dokk?"

Spinning around, they faced a elderly lady, smiling and grey-haired.

"Ummm..." Janeway started, then realizing she hadnt understood a ord.

"Chakotay.. The universal translator!"

They werent in uniform. No universal translator. No commbadge. No Voyager.

"Har dokk problema?"

Flashing his brightest grin, Chakotay turned his attention to the lady.

"We are..."

The ladys face lit up.

"Ahh.. Tourits."

Relieved, they both nodded.

"Lost?"

Nods again.

She montioned them to follow her, then strode confidently toward a little, green house, not to far from the sea.

"We must find out where we are, and how to get back to Voyager," she leaned in and whispered.

He only nodded.

A strong wind suddenly knocked the footing from her, and she fell - but Chakotays arm caught her.

"Thanks."

He gave her a polite smile, but his arm stayed gripped in hers..

II

The house was marked by what must have been years of hard weather. The paint were beginning to fall off, the garden growing wild.

"Im guessing we are in 1998," Chakotay whispered to her as they entered.

"Why makes you..."

He only pointed to the calander in the hallway.

"So we know when we are.. But where we are..."

"So, grandma says youre tourits."

Looking down at them from a staircase where a young girl, her hair wet,probably from a shower.

"Come to see the midnight sun, are you?"

"The midnight sun?"

Exchanging a confused look with Chakotay, Janeway then turned her attention to the girl again, who was rolling her eyes.

Pointing out a window, they could see the sun still lingering just above the sea, almost bloody red, the clouds lighter red and yellow as the sea.

"You did come here for that, didnt you? The Land of the Midnight Sun and all. Tourits always love that."

"Yes," Janeway answered ditantly, her mind racing.

Land of the Midnight Sun. Where had she heard that before?

"Well, welcome to Norway!"

Norway.

"So.. what happened?"

"Ummm..."

"Let me guess. You decided to.. find a private place to fully apriciate the sunlight and someone stole your car."

Exchanging another fast glance with Chakotay, Janeway nodded, smiling slightly.

"Yes, that have happened before. So, you can stay here for the night."

"We can?"

"Of course." The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Why shouldn't you?"

She waved on them, walking up the stairs while softly singing something unrecognizable, smiling happily.

On the way up, they passed a clock, showing 4 a.m. And the sun shone brightly still.

II

Coming to the end of the stair, she continued leading them in a hallway, the only light source the half-covered window, the strange sunlight almost creating a sense of magic. And it hit Janway, that looking at the sun didn't hurt. The sunlight wasn't as bright as daylight, it was more... Moodcreating.

The girl had stopped singing, but the smile stayed.

"I'm Reidun. My grandma is Helga. You are..?" she asked, while confidently finding her way in the dark hallway.

"I'm Kathryn, he's Chakotay."

"Chakotay. Unusual name. I like it. Well, here you are, and if you need anything, I sleep in the next-door room."

Opening a door at the end of a hallway that led from the stairs, she motioned for them to enter.

"You can borrow clothes from the closet. The toilet is right across from you. Sleep well."

And with that, she flashed a huge smile and headed for the stairs again, obviously going downstairs.

And Janeway and Chakotay were alone, feeling like they had been run over by a tornado.

"Are all Norwegians like that?"

He only shook his head in amazement, then looked around in the room.

"Captain.. We have a slight problem."

"We need to sleep on this and look at possible explanations in the morning and.. What, Chakotay?"

He only pointed to the bed. The ONE bed in the room.

"There's only one bed."

II

Tossing around, half-asleep, Chakotay suddenly felt himself bump into something warm. Something warm, and just a bit hairy. And it felt so good to bury his hands in it and...

Opening his eyes confused, he realized his hands were buried in

Kathryns thick, wonderful hair and that he was.. Much closer than protocol would suggest. He had to move back. But for some reason, he stayed as he was, not moving an inch, feeling her body so close to his caused his heart to beat much faster. He could feel her breathe peacefully, sleeping like a child. Carefully, he moved a hand to touch her bare shoulders. Her skin felt so soft under his palm, so soft and so close... It would only take a slight movement of his head to touch that skin with his lips. She would never know. And her skin was so soft..

The knock on the door made him jerk back, his lips millimeters from her skin.

"Wake up! Its already dinner!"

Kathryn started to wake up, making little noises, and he found himself wanting to wake her up with a kiss, to bury his hands in her hair again, to touch her skin..

It took all his willpower to move even further away. Sleeping in the same bed had not been a good idea. He had to tell her that. Tell her..

"Chakotay..?"

"Yes."

She didnt turn to look at him, only got up, trying desperately to hide her blushing. The dream had been so vivid.. He had touched her, let his hand play with her hair, her body still burned from the feelings. What would he say if he knew she had such dreams about him?

She got dressed quickly in the bathroom.

II

The young girl.. Reidun.. was sitting by the table, eating.. something. It looked like.. It didnt look like anything Janeway had seen before. Sort of greyish in color, looking like footballs, only softer in texture.

"Morning..."

The girl smiled at them, motioning them to sit down.

"Sleep well?"

Trying to hide a blush, Janeway nodded.

"Well, grandma has made dinner for you. And.. we have a bad thunder storm coming, o grandma says you can stay as long as you wish. Shes in the town, by the way."

"Thank you."

"I see... Ill leave you two alone.. I will be in livingroom if you need me."

And with that, she were out of the room so fast they didnt even have time to say thanks.

"Commander, I think our first objective is to establish clearly what happened to cause us to end up in the past."

The formal use told him she needed to put some distance between them, and not for the first time, he felt it like a stab through the heart. So close, and yet so far away.

"It must have happened as we entered that nebula."

"If that's true, then what about the ship pursuing us?"

She only shrugged her shoulders, carefully putting a fork in the food on the plate in front of her. To her surprise, it didn't fight back.

"We must find a way back."

"What if we can't?"

He could see her dismay at the question, but he needed to know. If she was willing to build a life here, with him.

"That's not an option. We will find a way back."

The first thunder made them both jump. It was loud.. and it was close.

"Thor er virkelig på farta i dag, gitt!" (Thor is really working today!)

The girl had re-entered, moving to the window and looking concerned at the clouds. Janeway followed her gaze.

The clouds seemed to be darkness itself, so dark they absorbed light. A huge shadow was cast over the land because of them.

"You get these thunderstorms often?"

"No." The girl shook her head.

"I better go next-door and check on old Mrs. Åstlie."

And with that she was gone again.

"Norwegians sure have a lot of energy," Chakotay remarked dryly.

The first lightning flashed over the sky, followed by a large thunder, and it almost sounded like the sky were falling on their heads.

They stood and watched the thunderstorm for quite a while, and it seemed she hardly noticed his hand resting on her arm, and just how close he was standing. But he did. And if he had seen the smile on her lips, he would have known she was noticing it, too.

It wasn't before he smelled the smoke, he realized something was very, very wrong.

The house was on fire.

How could the fire have spread so quickly without them noticing? Already the livingroom was in full flames, the thick smoke threatening to choke them. The lightning must have hit the house, causing it to erupt in flames.

Kathryn turned to look at him, her eyes wide.

"Chakotay!"

"We got to find a way out!"

It was painful to breath, and he wanted to lay down, just sleep. His eyes felt sore, the need to close them was overwhelming. But he forced them open, forced himself to fight. To get out, they had to get through the living- room. The only way out... And they had to move now, before they were trapped. But they way out was through the flames. For a second he hesitated, searching for alternatives. The windows were too narrow. Other alternatives? He found none. And as her eyes met his, he realized she had gotten to the same conclusion.

"Come on!"

He grapped her hand, staying low, entering the living room and a flaming inferno. There was only one wall not being eaten by flames, and they stayed close to it, moving fastly.

The whole room was in flames, chairs, tables, wall being prey to the hungry fire demon. The reflection of yellow and red flames on the wall they were by should have warned them. They were a bit to alive..

With a crash, pieces of the wall fell.

"KATHRYN!"

She screamed his name as the wall hit her.

"CHAKOTAY!"

For two seconds he was montionless, paralyzed, but then his auto-pilot hit on, and he began removing burning pieces of wood. He didnt even register the pain from his burned hands.

"Kathryn!"

Finally he got to her, her face so pale it shook his being. She had severe burns, and an ugly bruise in her forehead.

Gently, he lifted her, moving fastly through the room. There, an exit where the wall had fell. He never even noticed his own burns, all he focused on was getting her out. Not letting her die.

The fresh air tasted sweeter than anything he could remember, and he staggered out on the lawn, a few steps, then his body couldnt take it anymore.

He collapsed, Kathryn still in his arms, but the ground was soft, taking the fall. Lying there, he moved his one hand to check her pulse, then her breathing.

She was alive. And that was all that mattered. Gently touching her lips with his own, he could hear shouts and sirens, but they seemed to come from far, far away.

"Ring ambulansen! Vi må finne dem på rikshospitalet in Tromsø,!"

The house was taken over by flames now, eating at the wood, some flames as tall as the house itself.

The pain began to get through, but his last thought before he passed out, was that her lips tasted even sweeter than the fresh air.

II

She was flying again.. Wind in her hair.. Voices..

"Vi mister han!"

Chakotay. Where was Chakotay? Flames. Lost in the flames. No.. That wasn't right. He was here, near her. So pale. Who were all these people? Shouting in tight voices, gathered around him?

"Hjerteflimmer.."

She tried to focus on the voices, to let them make sense, but they floated away, and darkness filled her senses.

"Be Tromsø, vær klare, ellers er løpet kjørt!"

Then she passed out..

II

The next thing she remembered, was the smell. Sorta sickish sweet, not too unfamiliar. Familiar from.. where? She couldn't remember. In fact, she couldn't remember much of anything.

Just a name.

Chakotay. And a feeling with it. A feeling of.. happiness? But where was she? Who.. was she?

"Mrs. Janeway?"

The voice had a funny accent to it, didn't it? Mrs. Janeway... Was that her?

"Mrs. Janeway? Im Doctor Nilsen."

A face filled her view. A young woman, smiling sympathically.

"How are you feeling?"

"Im..."

She paused, because she wasn't sure how she was feeling. It was all so.. blurry.

"Where am I?"

The Doctor seemed to understand her confusion.

"You're at the hospital in Tromsø. You and your husband were flown in yesterday. You were in a fire."

Yes, she could remember flames. And that name again. Chakotay.. Her husband?

"You might have a slight amnesia from it, but your memories will return soon. Your confusion is very understandable. You will recover. In the meantime you just relax and let us handle you."

"My husband.. How is he?"

The Doctor's smile tensed.

"He.. He's not good, I'm afraid. There was an accident.. with the transport. The strong wind caused it to crash. You were lucky. Your husband... Had he gotten here sooner he would have been okay. As it is.. We frankly don't know."

"Can I see him?"

For a second the Doctor hesitated, then nodded.

"This way."

Kathryn walked through a yellow corridor, white-dressed nurses passing her as she went, her legs shaking under her. And her head was spinning, images of flames flashing in her head. And a man. As dark as he was gentle. Chakotay.

"Here."

The Doctor let her into a room just like hers, on a bed lay the man she remembered from the flames. It had to be Chakotay. Her.. husband.

How pale he was, and how ugly those bruises were. Still, there was something dignified about him, something peaceful.

"Chakotay?" she asked silently, but the Doctor had left, obviously to give her some privacy.

Carefully she moved closer to the bed. His hands were wrapped in bandages, and in a flash she remembered the wall falling on her. He must have saved her.

She gently took his one hand. This man had laid down his life for her. He must have loved her greatly. Her husband. Such a sweet word. But she still couldn't remember, she only had that feeling. Happiness? No.. She looked at him again, and realized she longed for him to wake up and smile to her.

And at that moment, she finally realized what that feeling was. It was love.

"I love you, Chakotay."

And to those words he opened his eyes and looked at her, surprise all over his face.

And it all started flowing back to her.

II

It wasn't so warm up here, on the bridge. The wind was almost strong enough to blow her off the bridge, but just almost. She was standing on the highest point of the bridge, Tromsø, brua as it were called in the native tongue. It connected the island with the mainland, the island that held the city center. A strange city she couldn't quite figure out.

Tromsø. Strange name for an even stranger city. And on the mainland, Tromsødal. Surrounded by mountains, it still housed a lot of people. The biggest city of Northern Norway, they said. But from up here it looked quite small.

Norway. A country she feared she would never leave. For each day that passed, Voyager seemed further and further out of reach.

She glanced over to the city. From here she could barely see the hospital, but she knew it was there. And so was Chakotay. He was to be released today, and the meeting and questions she feared seemed to come closer and closer.

It wasn't that what she had said wasn't true. It was just unfortunate that he should know.

"I love you, Chakotay."

Oh, it was true alright. But it could never be. Never.

"Kathryn."

She didn't even flinch at the soft voice beside her, it was so typical of him to appear when she was the least prepared.

She acknowledged him with a nod, staring down at the uneasy sea far below her. It was never at rest here, it seemed. And the silence between them was as uneasy as the sea. She didn't dare to open her mouth, afraid of what might escape her lips.

"Did you mean it?"

The question came so suddenly it caught her off balance, and with an intensity that scared her. And a plea that touched her heart. She couldn't lie.

The nod was barely a nod at all, but he saw it, and she heard him inhale sharply. She tried to swallow, but her mouth was dry. She dreaded the next question.

"But why..."

She interrupted him fastly.

"It cant be, Chakotay. It just cant be. Not ever."

The look on his face was heartbreaking, but she refused to acknowledge it keeping her eyes on the horizon where a deep orange sun was hovering just above the sea. For some reason she could look straight at it without hurting her eyes. Midnightsun, a magic sun, they said. She began to see why.

"Why not?"

In the corner of her eye she could see him look at her, but she didnt meet his gaze, knowing she would then be lost in those wonderful dark eyes of his. She had to stand ground now.

But boy was it hard.

"And dont give me that protocol crap, Kathryn, we are far away from Starfleet now."

"We have to return to Voayger..."

"Look at me, Kathryn. Look at me!"

She kept her gaze on the sun, he sighed, but didnt give up.

"It seems we are stuck here. And is it really that bad? Norway seems like a beautiful place. We could make a life here. Ive talked to the old couple Reidun introduced me too in the hospital. We can live with them, if we help take care of the house. Theyre old people. They would like some help. Kathryn, we may have to stay here."

She could feel the tears sting in her eyes.

"Am I really that bad to live with?"

"No," she whispered, barely hearable, but he heard it.

"Then why do you fight it?"

"Because.. Because youre not safe.. My feelings toward you are too strong."

He took one of her hands, gently stroking it.

"One thing I have learned about this people is that they follow their hearts. They often speak before they think, and may have a rather rough way of being, but they follow the path of their hearts. For better or worse. And they are happy with their choise. They are happy."

She finally looked at him, and the intensity of his gaze scared her, but she couldnt pull back. He looked more beautiful than she could remember, even though he was still pale, a ugly bruise on his forehead that were not still completly healed.

"I want to be happy."

He placed a gentle hand on her chin, stroking, while his gaze seemed to draw her to him, body and soul.

"Then let me make you happy. Please, Kathryn..."

There was no resistance left in her as he drew her even nearer and at the same time leaned in.

His kiss felt familiar, yet unknown. Like a distant memory from another life, a strange feeling of déjà-vu. He was quite gentle at first, like she knew him to be, placing small kisses on her lips, lingering on them from time to time, then gently lifting her upper lip to let their tongues meet.

The first touch was hardly a touch at all, but soon they became more daring, exploring every part.

She felt his arms press her closer, and she responded by letting her arms move to his neck, caressing it.

She never really saw the parked car, and Chakotay had completely forgotten about it.

The elderly couple that sat in the car were watching them closely, no signs of shyness or embarrassment about it. The man, Håkon, turned to his wife of 45 years, Anna and smiled gently at her.

"Skal vi tute på dem?" (Should we bonk at them?)

She shook her head.

"Nei. La dem holde på. Ung kjærlighet er så vakker." (No. Let them keep at it. Young love is beautiful to watch)

And the couple out there did indeed make a good picture. His dark hair, her blond, the sunlight almost magical, adding a feeling of wonder to it.

Håkon nodded slowly.

"Dessuten," (Besides) she added, "jeg vet hva vi kan gjøre mens vi venter." (I know of something to do while waiting.)

II

It had been snowing 3 days in a row. Kathryn found it quite amazing. So suddenly had the winter come that the grass it covered still were green. And now the land was covered in white. No more midnight sun. Instead it was pitch dark quite early, and soon the sun would disappear for many months.

It still surprised her how fast she had come to enjoy life here. 2 months they had been stranded here now, and the place still hadn't lost its magic.

Had it really been 2 months? 2 months since Chakotay kissed her on the bridge, filled with the sun's magic? How fast time went by. She had asked for time to learn to cope with living here. Time.. and space.

To adjust, get used to a life without Voyager. Without the captain. She needed that time and space before they could move on with their relationship. He had given it to her with the same patience he always had, a look of understanding on his face. How she deserved him, she did not know. He had kept his word. In 2 months he hadn't touch her. But sometimes she would catch him look at her in a way that made her blush just thinking about it.

Working for the elderly couple, Håkon and Anna, was an enjoyable task, and without even knowing it, Voyager had slipped further and further away from her mind. But Chakotay knew, and his heart were filled with joy.

"Kathryn?"

She turned to face him, as he came trotting through the deep, wet snow.

"Håkon offered us to borrow some old skies. Would you like to go skiing?"

II

Skiing wasn't as easy as it first seemed. The snow was slippery under her, and it was still snowing dense.

"They say Norwegians are born with skies on their legs, you know!" Chakotay yelled to her from somewhere in front.

"I'm no Norwegian!" she yelled back, trying to catch up with him.

Finally the snowing stopped. And the sight made her speechless.

Through the clouds, she could see the night sky was above her, all the stars shining more brightly than she could remember from space. Twinkling at her it seemed. And on the sky, a band of green. As green as anything she had ever seen.

"That must be what they call Northern lights."

"Yes," was all she got out. Northern lights. Nordlys as they called it.

And the snow below them twinkled also, as if trying to compete with the stars. As if tiny pieces of silver had been scattered all over the snow.

"Oh my God..."

"I know."

He was so close she suddenly became aware of his breath on her neck. It felt...ohh... so good. She had to do something to break the spell or shed...?

"Chakotay..."

"Hmmm?"

"Take this!"

With one fast movement she had gotten a fistfull of snow, throwing it at him.

"You.."

The fight was on. For 10 minuts they chased each other around, but at last he got her cornered against the mountainside.

Grinning from ear to ear he was slowly approaching while she was backing.

"Chakotay...Im warning you.. Dont.. Dont!"

Too late. He had already jumped her, pushing her down in a pile of snow. And so she was caught.

"What are you going to do, Maquis?"

His smile grew bigger.

"Chakotay.."

He looked down at his prey, and his heart missed a bit. She was gorgeous. Her eyes filled with the stars of the sky, her hair with silver of the snow, and her cheeks with the color of her heart.

"Kathryn.."

She saw his expression change, but before she could open her mouth to avoid what she knew would come, his lips were on hers. Insistent, demanding, passionate. For a few seconds it fogged her mind, but when his hands ran down her body, she panicked.

Not no. She wasnt ready.

Quickly getting out of his embrace, she stood up, tears in her eyes.

"You promised!"

And with that she ran off, as fast as he skies could carry her.

It took a few seconds before he could realize what had happened.

"Kathryn! Im sorry!"

But if she heard him, she didnt reply. And the snowing had started again. More dense than ever, covering her tracks.

"Kathryn!"

The snow seemed to be a silencer on everything, and it was now a white wall in front of him that he had to fight through.

There! Tracks!

Following them, he shouted again.

"Kathryn!"

Where had the wind come from? It was tearing at his clothes, treating to knock him over.

"Kathryn!"

He could see a silhouette in front of him, and a bouldering sound. It seemed to come from.. above?

Looking up, all he could see was snow. Coming at him.

"Kath..." was all he got out before the snow strangled his voice.

II

"Kor mange tok rase?" (How many did the avalanche take?)

"To some redningsmannskapa har funni." (Two that the rescue crew have found)

"I live?" (Alive?)

"Mannen, ja. Kvinna, nei." (the man, yes. The female, no)

II

Slowly voices filled his senses. Loud, excited voices.

"Har RÅ,de Kors sendt hunda?"

"Vi trÅ|ng more mannskap!"

"FÅ¥ legen hit!"

Norwegians.

He tried to look, but his vision was filled with white, bright light.

The avalanche. It had taken her.

"How do you feel, sir?"

A close, friendly voice with that particular Norwegian accent.

"Kathryn, is she...?"

"Kathryn?"

"The woman with me... She was just in front of me."

The brief silence told whatever was coming, couldn't be good news.

"She.. didnt make it. Im sorry, sir."

II

Oh God, no! Not Kathryn. It couldnt be. His Kathryn, dead? No. No. No! All because he couldnt keep a promise. Couldntkeep her hands off just as she was softning up. The dream had almost come true. And he had to ruin it all.

Tears threatened to overcome him. And her voice.. He could almost hear it, calling his name..

"Chakotay!"

He could hear it, hear it call for him.. He..

"Kathryn?"

He looked up unbelieving, yet hopeful.

"Kathryn!"

It was her! On the other side of the room, her face plae with concern, worry.. love. On that there was no doubt in his mind.

She spotted him seconds after he had seen her, a light filled her eyes, and she ran toward him, eyes for only him.

He met her on the halfway, ignoring the pain in his back, ignoring the the surprised shouts from the Norwegian. Swinging her around, then holding her as tight as he could. She was alive, in his arms.

Nothing else mattered.

"Chakotay.. Im sorry.. God, I was so afraid.. I love you.. I love you.."

He pulled back to look at her, at last seeing what he had dreamed for so long.

"Kathryn! I.."

"Hushh.. Not now."

And with that she claimed his lips, and he had never been more willing to give her what she wanted.

II

Bu elsewhere, life had more surprises up its sleeve..

"Doktor.. Liket av kvinnen vi fant.. Du bÅ,r se pÅ¸ dette.."

"Hva? Det er umulig!"

II

The last ray of sun had long disappeared behind the great mountains, even though it was still early. Everywhere, the lights were lit,

hundreds of lights in the dark. Like jewels.

Kathryn Janeway looked at the sight as if she saw it for the first time.

> And in a way, she did. So much she had missed. Funny how life seems so much more precious when it has almost been taken from you.<p>

And when.. you were giving life yourself. A miracle was growing inside her. A smile formed on her lips as she remembered how it had been conceived..

It had been just after the avalanche. Being so close to losing each other had triggered all those emotions carefully hidden all those years.

They had been like fire together. And they almost started one too, being a bit too busy with each other to notice the knocked-over candle. Those firefighters sure got quite a surprise!

It didn't matter. She loved Chakotay, and was ready to tell the whole world. The whole of Tross, anyway.

Funny how you never realize how precious love is until you are about to lose it.

But now she had it, and she was not about to throw it away.

And tonight she would tell him just that.

That she was ready to stay here with him and raise children and.. live. Truly live for the first time in her life.

With one last look at the sparkling sky she turned and walked right into an astonished Tom Paris.

II

Even if it weren't the Earth of their time, the crew of Voyager couldn't help but stare at the viewscreen. It was beautiful, even in the previous millennium. And maybe, just maybe, they would find their Captain and First Officer there. Hopes were high.

Even Tuvok could not help but feel a spark of hope. And so they waited for the signal.

Waited for the away team to report in. Tom Paris and Seven of Nine was down there, looking. According to calculations, this was the time Janeway and Chakotay had been transported too.

They had to be down there. They just had to.

II

"I had almost given up hope!"

Tom Paris was beaming at her, but Kathryn could feel nothing but numb. Chakotay sitting beside her was quiet too. Tom didn't seem to notice.

"We've been looking for you guys for ages. Seven worked

out..."

"Tom!"

"Captain?"

"I..." She hesitated, feeling torn.

Could she? Leave this place? Go back to Voyager and be the Captain again?

"But you're not the same anymore," whispered a little voice in her head.

She closed her eyes.

"Kathryn?"

And suddenly she saw clearly the choice ahead, and that whatever she chose, life would never be the same. Two paths ahead, each in different directions.

But did she really have a choice?

II

"Og over til andre nyheter. Det såkalte liket av et romvesen ble i daget stjålet fra rikshospitalet i Tromsø. Hvem som står bak, er ennå ikke avklart. Tyveri hindret en næyere undersøkelse av liket, og kilder fra vitenskapelig institutt hevder at dette beviser hvilken svidel det egentlig var. Andre mener..."

(And over to other news. The so-called alien body was stolen today from the hospital in Tromsø. Who was behind the theft is still not discovered. The theft made a closer examination impossible, and certain sources within the scientific institution claims this goes to show what a fraud it really was. Others however..)

II

It was a sad day aboard Voyager. The news of the deaths of Captain Kathryn Janeway and Commander Chakotay was a heavy blow to the crew. The body of the K'Mal woman, one of the persuares just before they had disappeared, found dead, confirmed it. They had all vanished in an avalanche.

Only Tom Paris knew, and he said nothing. It was their choice after all.

He gave the Earth one final look before Voyager went back to its time.

He hoped they would be happy.

II

It was a magnificent sunrise. The snow still claimed the landscape, but soon it would have to give in. Spring was coming. And so was the sun, showing its face for the first time since the winter had come.

It was a strange country indeed, thought Kathryn Janeway not for the first time. No sun during winter, not even at daytime. And all sun during summer, even at night.

But she liked it.

"Admiring the view?"

She turned to look at him.

"Yes. But it just got better."

He grinned at her.

"Tease."

"I thought you liked teasing."

"Only if I can take you up on it later."

She grinned back.

"Only if Tom jr doesnt keep us up."

Silence fell for a while, both looking at the sunrise.

"You know, Kathryn, I've been thinking about something."

"What?"

"You know how you said a while back you weren't Norwegian?"

She looked at him, and listened. And as they got up to go inside their small, weathered house just outside TromsÅ,, she realized he was right.

She did have a Norwegian Heart.

FIN

End
file.